AGAVE.

Should God be like a proud man in his rage ?

DIONYSUS.

*Tis as my sire, Zeus, willed it long ago.

AGAVE *(turning from him almost with disdain)*

Old Man, the word is spoken ; we must go*

DIONYSUS.

And seeing ye must, what is it that ye wait ?

CADMUS.

Child, we are come into a deadly strait,
All; thou, poor sufferer, and thy sisters twain,
And my sad self. Far off to barbarous men,
A grey-haired wanderer, I must take my road.
And then the oracle, the doom of God,
That I must lead a raging horde far-flown
To prey on Hellas; lead my spouse, mine own
Harmonia, Ares* child, incorporate
And haunting forms, dragon and dragon-mate,
Against the tombs and altar-stones of Greece,
Lance upon lance behind us; and not cease
From toils, like other men, nor dream, nor past
The foam of Acheron find my peace at last.

AGAVE*

Father ! And I must wander far from thee I

CADMUS.

O Child, why wilt thou reach thine arms to me,
As yearns the milk-white swan, when old swans die I

AGAVE.

Where shall I turn me eke I No home have I